My Girl

by Nyx

Summary: You've never heard this much from me! Yes, another vingette, with the appropriate level of angst.

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The poem 'Echo' is by Christina Rossetti. The characters are the brainchildren *lol* of JKR.

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> Come to me in the silence of the night,
 Come to me in the speaking silence of a dream;
> Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream;
> Come back in tears,
 O memory, hope, love of finished years.
> *<p>

The dreams are so wonderful. 'Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet!' That explains the dreams. They return my girl to me - I never stopped thinking of her as 'my girl,' and she understood why I called her that. From anyone else it would've been a deadly insult; from me, it was a term of endearment. Now that she's gone, all I have left of her is the dreams.

When I dream, it's of her being near me - just like that, chaste, simply talking to me and holding my hand. My girl. Her sharp wit makes me laugh, but of course there's no reality to it; when I wake up, I feel bereft. I miss her hand on my arm, gently resting in the crook of the elbow. She was always so pragmatic, so sensible, but she never stopped resting her fingers there - and I liked escorting her, though I know my body language must've embarrassed her many a time. I have the tendency to unwittingly scream, 'MINE!' with my posture and

positioning.

My girl died in a bank robbery. There was no rhyme or reason to her death. We were vacationing as Muggles in Jamaica and she had gone to retrieve some cash from the Muggle account she had insisted on setting up - one bullet was all it took, placed low to the stomach. I often wonder if she thought of me in her dying moments, while the ambulances waited outside and the policemen tried to negotiate with the men inside. I wasn't even called until after the fact, after they had found her dead body and her ID. I didn't get a chance to make things right, to save her. I could have done so. I have to believe that, for my girl.

And now I dream of that night, of if we had been in England, of if they had called me. I would say, 'damn the Ministry,' and use magic to rid the robbers of their guns; I would save her, I would still have my girl with me. I dream of afterwards, when she would lie in a hospital bed - and then when she would wake up, and smile at me, that smile that I can always count on her for. My girl's smile was radiant; nobody seemed to notice that she had slight buck teeth when she smiles - smiled. In my dreams I can luxuriate in that smile, but not in real life. Never in real life. Some nights when I dream, I can feel the tears of joy falling on my face when she smiles like that and her eyes twinkle just so.

Yet then they turn to tears of sorrow, for my girl. My girl.

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Sequels : Nyx does not do sequels.
> Feedback : Feedback is dearly loved at nyxfics@hotmail.com
 Note : This story was meant to inspire people's imaginations, not to tell you what happened, as with most of my stories. The girl is Hermione - I think you can tell by the reference to her teeth; most people have those fixed in their stories but I think of them as her cross to bear - but who is the man? You pick, Ron, Harry, Draco, some-nameless-inserted guy. If someone wants to talk to me about a companion piece (NOT a sequel!), email me and let me know. Or send through feedback and include your email addy.

And in case you're wondering, I've never seen the movie 'My Girl,' but people tell me that I look like an older version of the little girl in it. I just like the feeling of the words - with the emphasis on 'my,' not 'girl'... enough is enough g

~Nyx~
> the gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 is crept into the bosom of the sea
> -shakespeare, henry VI<p>

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